



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Can
300
6.2

Symmes-Lovewell's Fight with
the Indians, 1725. 1861.

Can 300.6.2

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918





Indians
Joseph Willard

14.12687.25.10

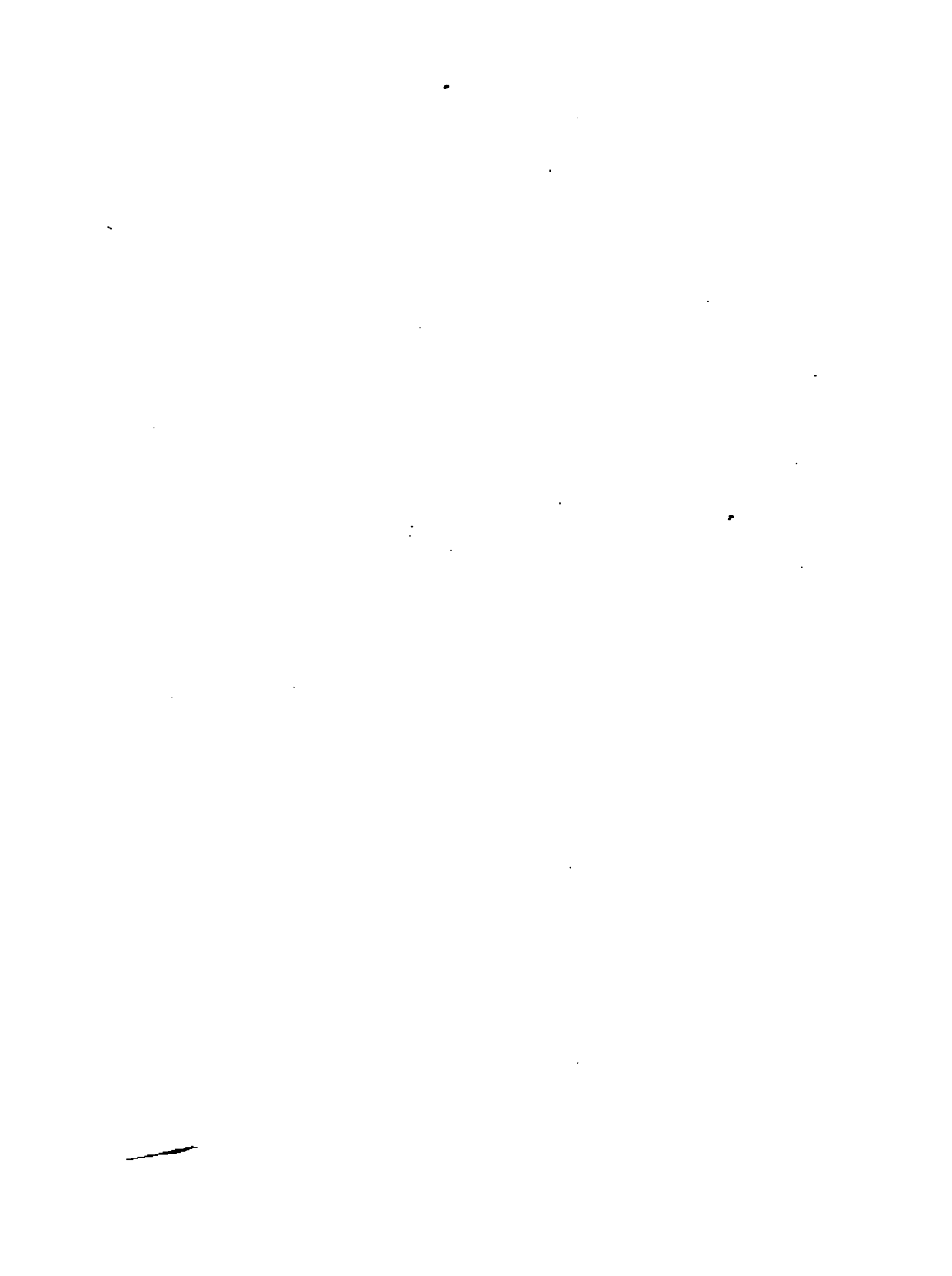
CAPT. JOHN LOVEWELL'S

GREAT FIGHT

WITH THE INDIANS,

AT PEQUAWKET,

1725.



THE ORIGINAL ACCOUNT
OF
CAPT. JOHN LOVEWELL'S
"GREAT FIGHT"

WITH THE INDIANS, AT PEQUAWKET,

MAY 8, 1725;

BY

REV. THOMAS SYMMES,
OF BRADFORD, MASS.

A NEW EDITION WITH NOTES,
BY
NATHANIEL BOUTON,
Corresponding Secretary of the N. H. Historical Society.

CONCORD, N. H.:
P. B. COGSWELL, PRINTER.
1861.

Can 300.6.2

~~U812687.25.10~~

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE INHABITANTS
OF THE
ANCIENT PEQUAWKET COUNTRY—NOW FRYEBURG AND CONWAY ;—
AND TO THE NUMEROUS VISITORS, ANNUALLY,
IN THAT PICTURESQUE REGION,
BY
N. BOUTON.

CONCORD, N. H., MAY, 1861.

CONTENTS.

1. INTRODUCTION.
2. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CAPT. LOVEWELL.
3. THE "GREAT FIGHT" AT PEQUAWKET.
 ANCIENT PREFACE.
 MAP OF THE LOCALITY.
 NARRATIVE BY REV. T. SYMMES.
4. EXTRACTS FROM REV. MR. SYMMES' SERMON.
5. ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE CHAPLAIN—JONATHAN FRYE.
6. TWO POPULAR BALLADS.
7. POEM BY REV. THOMAS C. UPHAM.

INTRODUCTION.

“Lingering among us are a few aged persons who well remember the days of their childhood: That while the family were gathered for a winter evening around the ample hearths of that period, some old man told the story of the brave Capt. LOVEWELL and his company, their successes and misfortunes, till it awakened such an intense interest in their breasts, that the listeners were almost carried back to the scene of the encounter; and started as the winter blast swept round the house, almost expecting to hear the whoops of the savage, and to see the forms of PAUGUS and his warriors. They can also call to mind how they have listened to hear their grandmothers sing one of the rude songs of that day, of which those heroes were the theme.”¹

The FIGHT of which a detailed account is given in the following Narrative, is famous in our early history, on account of the daring and bravery of Capt. Lovewell and his company; the disparity of numbers engaged on the two sides, and the important results of the Fight. After the death of PAUGUS the Indians withdrew from their head-quarters at Pequawket, and a general peace soon ensued.

Although several editions of Mr. Symmes' Narrative have been published at different periods, yet the work is now very rare, so that scarcely a copy can anywhere be found. An old copy of an edition published in 1799, by ELLIJAH RUSSELL, then of Fryeburg—preserved in the New Hampshire Historical Society, suggested the idea of a new edition. To this edition are added not only many Notes, Illustrations and Traditions,

(1) *N. E. Hist. and Geneal. Reg.* January, 1853.

but a MAP of the locality where the Fight occurred ;—of which the sketch was furnished by GEORGE B. BARROWS, Esq., of Fryeburg. Following Rev. Mr. Symmes' Narrative, are two very popular Ballads written soon after the Fight, which used to be rehearsed and sung in hundreds of families in New England ; also an affecting Elegy written by a young lady to whom Mr. FRYE, the Chaplain of Lovewell's company, was said to have been engaged ; and some beautiful stanzas from the pen of a New Hampshire poet, Rev. THOMAS C. UPHAM, Professor in Bowdoin College, Me. In short, the editor has aimed to include every traditional and reliable fact that can give interest to the persons or scenes connected with this memorable Fight.

The editor most heartily seconds the proposition which he understands has been made to the people of the Pequawket country, and to the citizen-soldiers of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, for the erection of a MONUMENT on the spot where the brave Capt. Lovewell fell !

The orthography of the name commonly pronounced PIG-WACK-ET is yet unsettled.

Penhallow spells it	- - - - -	<i>Pequackett.</i>
Belknap,	- - - - -	<i>Pequawket.</i>
Farmer & Moore,	- - - - -	<i>Pequawkett.</i>
Drake,	- - - - -	<i>Pequakett.</i>
Potter,	- - - - -	<i>Pequauquauke.</i>
Rev. Mr. Symmes, 1725,	- -	<i>Pigwacket.</i>
Indian Treaty, 1717,	. . - -	<i>Pegwacket.</i>
Paul Coffin,	- - - - -	<i>Piggwacket.</i>

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CAPTAIN JOHN LOVEWELL.

Captain JOHN LOVEWELL, the hero of this story, born October 14, 1691, was the oldest son of John Lovewell, who settled in Dunstable, Mass., and lived in the part of the township—near Salmon Brook,—which afterwards fell within the town of Nashua, N. H. The father died about 1754, at the great age of *one hundred and twenty years*. It is said, that he was an Ensign in the Army of Oliver Cromwell, about 1653. He probably settled, first at Weymouth, Mass., and was with the famous Captain CHURCH, during King Phillip's War, and in the great Narragansett Swamp Fight, Dec. 19, 1675. He was a man of remarkable courage and physical vigor. In 1745, when he must have been about 110 years of age, he was very constant in attendance at church; and after 1752, "used to chase the boys out of his orchard with his cane." His other sons were *Zaccheus*, born July 22, 1701, a Colonel in the old French war; and *Jonathan*, born May 14, 1713, who was at one time a preacher, afterwards a Judge, and died 1792.

Captain JOHN LOVEWELL, was like his father a man of great courage, and fond of engaging in adventurous and daring enterprises. He was particularly successful in hunting wild animals, and in time of war was engaged in exploring the wilderness to find the lurking places of the Indians. There is a traditional account of his attacking and killing seven Indians on Lovewell's mountain in Washington,¹ which must have been

(1) Situated in Sullivan Co., 35 miles west of Concord.

sometime before the Great Fight in Pequawket. It is related that these Indians had been making depredations in some places in Massachusetts, and were pursued by Capt. Lovewell with a small party of men, who on crossing a high hill, discovered a smoke which they concluded was made by the Indians. Lovewell's party, accordingly, proceeded to the place, which was at the foot of what is now Lovewell's mountain: surrounding the Indians in the night, they killed six of them in their camp; but the seventh fled, whom they pursued, and with the assistance of their dogs, took and killed him.

In September 1724, two men were found to be missing from Dunstable, the residence of Capt. Lovewell. A scout of eleven men went in quest of them, who were fired upon by thirty of the enemy, and nine of them were killed. The other two made their escape, though one of them was badly wounded. Another party subsequently fell into their ambush; one was killed, four wounded, and the rest fortunately retreated.

In consequence of these attacks and of the devastations committed in various places by the Indians, John Lovewell, Josiah Farwell and Jonathan Robbins petitioned the General Assembly of Massachusetts for leave to raise a company, and to scout against the Indians. The original petition, signed by them, is still on file in the office of the Secretary of State in Boston, and is as follows:

“The Humble memorial of John Lovel, Josiah Farwell, Jonathan Robbins, all of Dunstable, sheweth:—

“That your petitioners, with near forty or fifty others, are inclinable to range and to keep out in the woods for several months together, in order to kill and destroy their enemy Indians, provided they can meet with Encouragement suitable: And your Petitioners are Employed and desired by many others, Humbly to propose and submit to your Honors' consideration, that if such soldiers may be allowed five shillings per day, in case they kill any enemy Indians and possess their scalp, they will Employ themselves in Indian hunting one whole year; and if within that time

they do not kill any, they are content to be allowed nothing for their wages, time and trouble.

JOHN LOVEWELL,
JOSIAH FARWELL,
JONATHAN ROBBINS."

Dunstable, Nov., 1724.

This petition was granted, changing the conditions to a bounty of £100 per scalp. The company was raised, and a commission of Captain given to Lovewell. The company became greatly distinguished, first by their success and afterwards by their misfortunes.¹

Lovewell was then in the prime of life, and burning with zeal to perform some valiant exploit against the Indian enemies. With his company of picked men he started upon an excursion, first, to the northward of Lake Winnepisiogee. On the 10th of December, 1724, the party came on a wigwam wherein were two Indians, a man and a boy. They killed and scalped the man, and brought the boy alive to Boston, where they received the promised bounty, and two shillings and sixpence per day besides.

Encouraged by this success, the company was augmented from *thirty to eighty-seven*,² and they started a second time, Jan. 27, 1724. Crossing the Merrimack at Nashua, they followed the river route on the east side, to the N. W. corner of the Lake "Winnepesocket" where they arrived on the 9th of February. Their provisions falling short, thirty of them were dismissed, on the 13th, by lot, and returned home. The remainder went on probably as far as Tamworth; where discovering Indian tracks they followed the same in a south-easterly direction, till on the 20th, just before sun-set, they "saw smokes," by which they judged the enemy were encamped for the night. Keeping concealed till after midnight they then

(1) Fox's Hist. of Dunstable, p. 112.

(2) Others say the number was *eighty-eight*.

silently advanced, and discovered ten Indians asleep round a fire by the side of a frozen Pond. Lovewell now determined to make sure work; and placing his men conveniently, ordered them to fire, five at once, as quick after each other as possible; and another part to reserve their fire. He gave the signal by firing his own gun, which killed two of them; the men firing according to his direction, killed five more on the spot; the other three starting up from their sleep, two of them were immediately shot dead by the reserve; the other, though wounded, attempted to escape by crossing the pond, but was seized by a dog and held fast till they killed him. Thus in a few minutes the whole company was destroyed, and some attempt against the frontiers of New Hampshire prevented; for these Indians were marching from Canada, well furnished with new guns, and plenty of ammunition; they had also a number of spare blankets, moccasins and snow-shoes for the accommodation of the prisoners they expected to take, and were within two day's march of the frontiers.¹ The pond where this exploit was performed is at the head of a branch of Salmon Fall river in the township of Wakefield, N. H., and has ever since borne the name of "Lovewell's Pond." The company proceeded to Boston, through Dover, which latter place they entered in triumph, having their ten scalps stretched on hoops, and elevated on poles. In Boston, they received the bounty of *one thousand pounds* from the public treasury.

Capt. Lovewell next conceived the bold design of attacking the village of Pequawket, on the upper part of the river Saco, Me. The Indians at this place were under the command of PAUGUS, a noted warrior, whose name inspired terror on the frontier settlements. It is related that just before he left home on this daring expedition, he was warned by a neighbor to be on his guard against the ambuscades of the enemy. He replied

(1) Penhallow says "that the arms were so new and good that most of them were sold for seven pounds (\$23.33) a piece. The plunder was but a few skins; but during the march our men were well entertained with moose, deer and bear, together with salmon-trout, some of which were three feet long and weighed twelve pounds a piece."

“That he did not care for them”; and bending down a small elm beside which he was standing, into a bow, declared “he would treat the Indians in the same way.” The elm is still standing, a venerable and magnificent tree.¹ This expedition proved fatal to the brave Captain!

Captain Lovewell had two sons and a daughter. 1. JOHN, born 30th June 1718, died July 2, 1763, leaving children, *John, Jonathan, Rachel* and *Mary*. 2. HANNAH, born 24th July, 1721, who married Capt. *Joseph Baker*, and settled in Pembroke, N. H. 3. NEHEMIAH, born after his father's death, Jan. 9, 1726, married *Rachel*, daughter of *Jonathan Farwell*, removed to Corinth, Vt., where he died, leaving a numerous family. HANNAH, the widow of Capt. Lovewell, died Jan. 5, 1754.

In May, 1727, the township of *Suncook*, now Pembroke, N. H., was granted, by Massachusetts, to Capt. John Lovewell and his brave associates, and their heirs, in consideration of their services against the Indians. The whole number of grantees was 60; 46 of whom started with Lovewell on his march to Pequawket—the remainder were among those who attended him in his first enterprises against the Indians.¹ Many descendants of those brave men survive in Pembroke and vicinity and in other towns in New Hampshire.

(1) Fox's Hist. of Dunstable, 1846.

(1) N. H. Gazetteer—Farmer & Moore.

NARRATIVE OF THE GREAT FIGHT.

PREFACE

BY THE REV. MR. SYMMES, OF BRADFORD.

When Joshua, with his brave soldiers had discomfited Amalek, with the edge of the Sword, (while Moses, with the rod of God in his uplifted hands, supported by Aaron and Hur, made intercession to the God of Armies on the top of the hill,) the Lord said to Moses, Write this for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua, Exod. XVII. 14. For this would be an unspeakable encouragement to that renowned general, in his wars with the aborigines of Canaan.

Now from this story we learn, not only that Israel would prevail against their enemies, they should all, their magistrates and ministers especially, lift and keep up the hand of prayer ;* But, also, that the remarkable preservation and success of soldiers in fighting the Lord's battles, are very proper to be commemorated, for the honor of God, and the encouragement of his servants, in future expeditions and military actions.

* Agreeable to which mode, upon intelligence of great numbers of Indians coming down on the frontiers, and the march of several of our companies in search of them ; at the instigation of his honor the Lt. Gov. and the Ministers of Boston, the public lecture there, on the 29th of April, was turned into a day of Prayer, which was but nine days before the fight of Pigwacket — the success whereof should therefore be ascribed with thankfulness and praise to God, as a gracious answer of the humble prayers of his people ; and improved as their further encouragement.

In consideration hereof, I have the more easily complied with the request of some of the hearers of the ensuing sermon, that it might be accompanied with a Narrative of the Memorable Occasion of it.

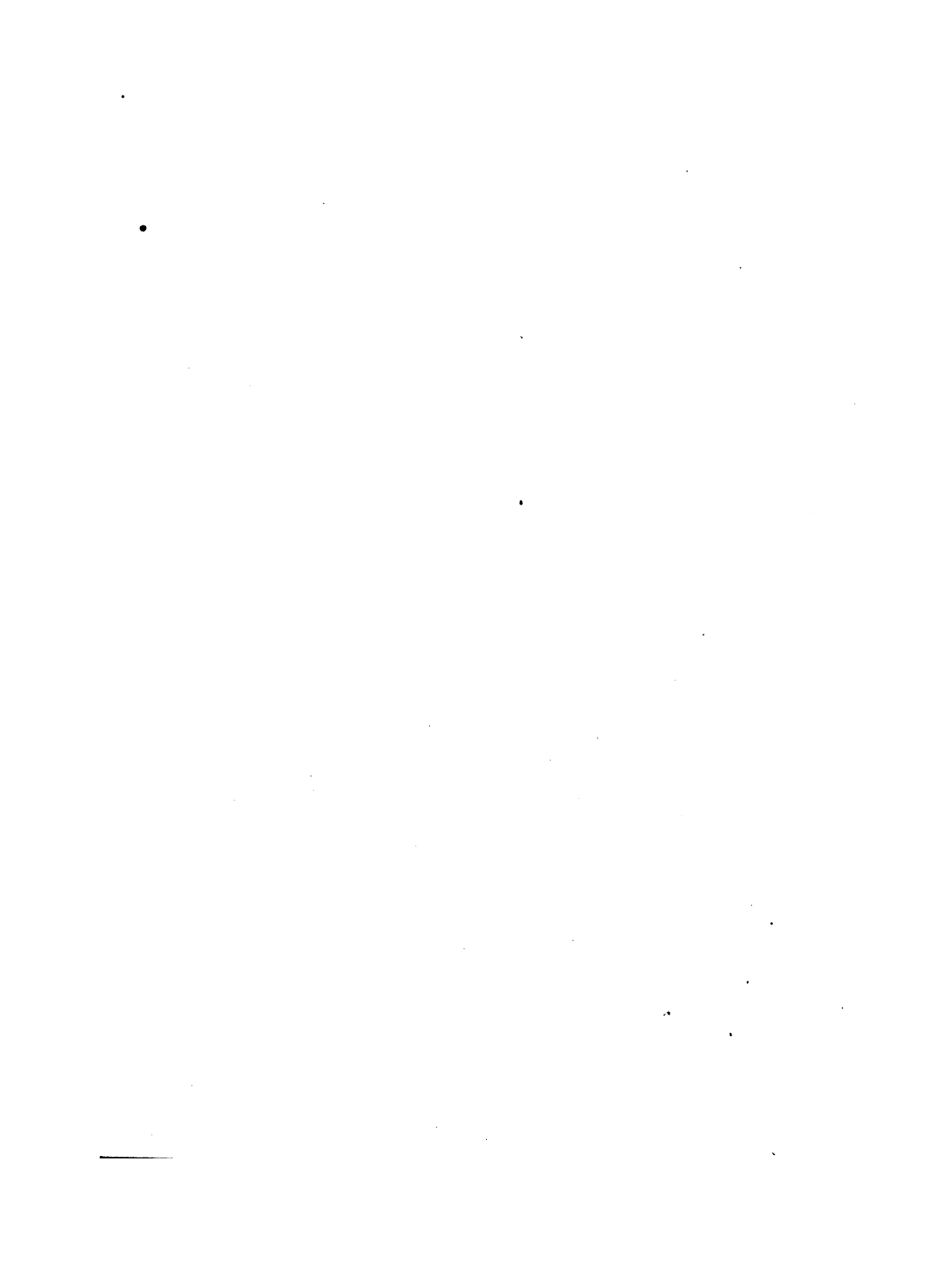
And though I at first proposed only to reprint the Relation of this Action, given us in the public newspapers; yet, having been favored with a more particular account from the valorous Captain Wyman, and some others of good credit, that were in the engagement, I hope it will not be unacceptable to any, and am sure it will be very grateful to some, to have the account published with some enlargement; and particularly to make a public record of the names of those courageous Soldiers who have so nobly play'd the man for their country; several of whom have been grievously wounded, and others have died in the field of battle, or of the wounds they received there—all of whose names I am persuaded the greatest part of the country will allow, deserve to be transmitted unenvied to posterity, with bright encomiums.

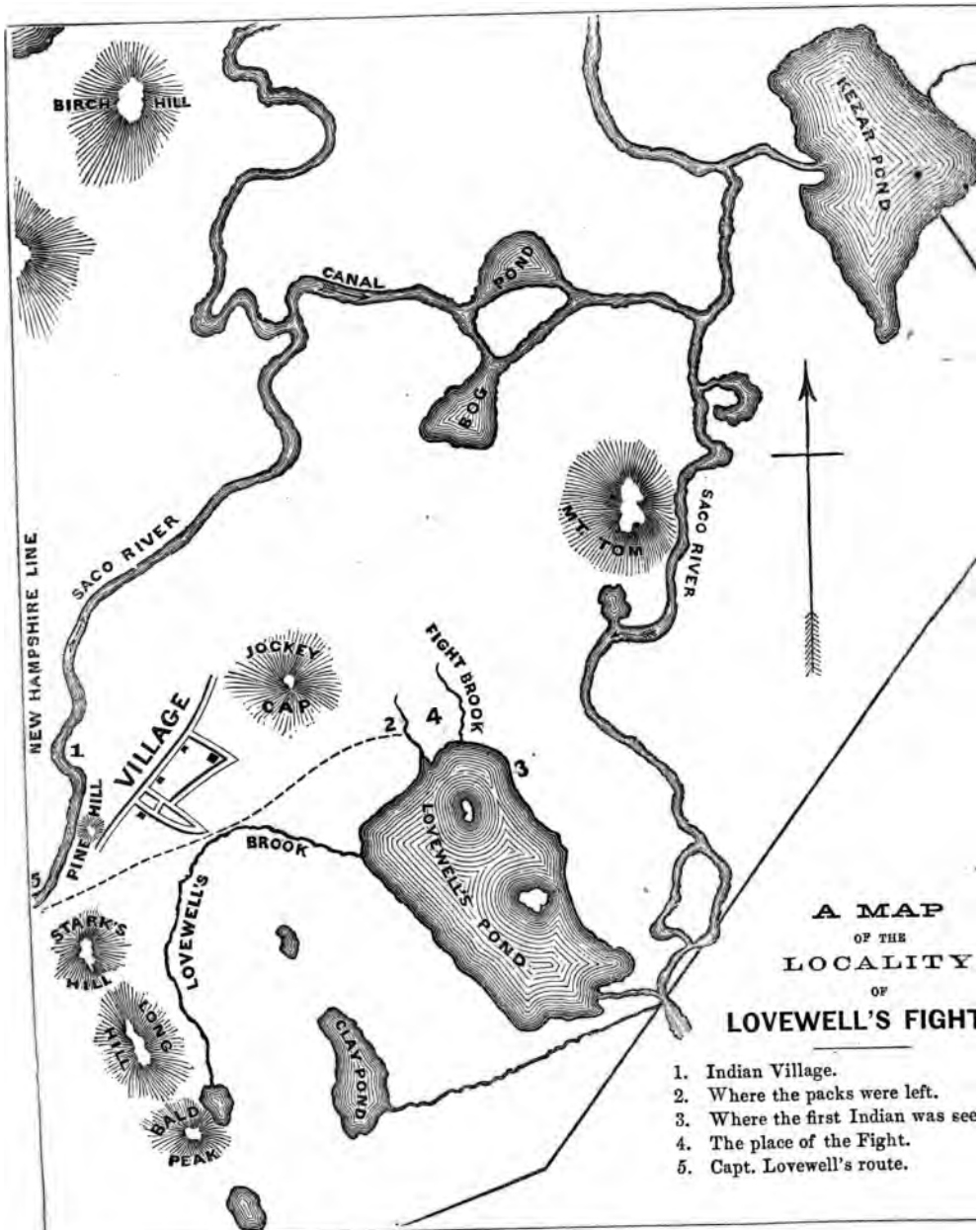
It is to be desired that all who have returned from Pigwacket to their own houses, will consider and show what great things God has done for them. And that they and all our brave soldiers, will still take for their Motto, when going forth to War, the inscription made by Moses on his altar of gratitude, after the defeat of Amalek, JEHOVAH—Nissi, The Lord is my Banner.

I have related the story of the action at Pigwacket, in a style adapted to our common way of telling it, and according to the best information I could obtain; and hope there are no material, I am sure there are no willing or careless, mistakes in it. And I have only to add:—That whoever considers the distance our people were at from any English settlement, in a howling wilderness, and very far in the enemy's country, who were at home, and more than double the number of our men;—their fighting from morning till night in a long hot day—the number of killed and wounded, amongst whom were some who were persons of distinction on both sides; will doubtless grant that this action merits a place in the

history of our New England wars. If any judge I have observed some circumstances of this action too minutely, I have only to say, if some such persons, or their relations had been in the action, it is possible they would not have been of this opinion. However, those who I am firstly obliged to gratify, will not easily come into their sentiment in this matter. And I must beg of the others to forgive me this wrong, and that they would only consider the different taste of readers, and consequently the extreme difficulty, if not impossibility, of pleasing every body, in a performance of this nature. And yet none would be more willing to do it, than the unworthy author, who is a hearty lover of his country, and of all good men of every denomination.

T. SYMMES.





**A MAP
OF THE
LOCALITY
OF
LOVEWELL'S FIGHT**

1. Indian Village.
2. Where the packs were left.
3. Where the first Indian was seen.
4. The place of the Fight.
5. Capt. Lovewell's route.

THE "GREAT FIGHT."

It was about the 16th of April, 1725, that the brave and intrepid Captain JOHN LOVEWELL began the arduous and perilous undertaking, of marching from Dunstable to Pigwacket,¹ with forty-six men under his command.

(1) The place now bears the name of FRYEBURG in honor of the chaplain of Lovewell's company, *Jonathan Frye*, who was mortally wounded in the fight. Several of the FRYE family from Andover, Ms., were among the early settlers of Fryeburg. Gen. JOSEPH FRYE, one of the Grantees of the Township, and his nephew, Hon. SIMON FRYE, were men of great distinction and usefulness. The latter was a member of the House of Representatives, of the Senate and of the Council, (of Ms.) for nearly 20 years; and was Chief Justice of the C. C. P. in the County of Oxford. He died October, 1822, aged 82 years. The settlement at Fryeburg was first begun in 1763. "In the summer of this year, Mr. Nathan Smith moved his family into Fryeburg: this was the first family of white people which erected a habitation in the country vulgarly called *Pigwacket*. On the 20th November of the same year, Messrs. Samuel Osgood, Moses Ames, John Evans, and Jedediah Spring, moved into Fryeburg, from Concord, in New Hampshire, through a rough, hilly country, uninhabited for 50 or 70 miles. Mr. David Evans and Mr. Nathaniel Merrill, (then young men,) accompanied them as first settlers. These were they, who encountered the hardships, the fatigues, the sufferings, the losses, of the first settlement of this new country." —*Preface to Russell's edition 1799.*

Settlements were made in Conway, in 1764, 5, and 6, by James and Benjamin Osgood, John Dolloff, Ebenezer Burbank, Daniel Foster, and others, mostly from Concord, N. N. Thomas Merrill was the first Justice of the Peace. Conway, especially North Conway, is a place of great resort in the summer, for visitors to the White Mountains.

They had travelled but a short distance before Toby, an Indian, falling sick, was obliged to return, which he did with great reluctance.

When they had marched as far as Contoocook,¹ Mr. William Cummings, of Dunstable, became so disabled by a wound that he had received from the enemy some time before, that the Captain dismissed him, together with a kinsman of his to accompany him back.

They proceeded on to Ossapy, and at this place Mr. Benjamin Kidder, of Nutfield,² falling sick, the Captain made a halt, and tarried while they built a small fortification for a place of refuge to resort to if there should be occasion.³

(1) Boscawen.

(2) Londonderry.

(3) FORT AND MOUND IN OSSIPEE.—On the farm of DANIEL SMITH, Esq., of Ossipee, now 88 years of age, may be seen the remains of the Fort built by Lovewell and his company, in 1725. It is situated near the west shore of Ossipee Lake, in an extensive meadow containing about two hundred acres. North of the Fort is *Lovewell's River* which empties into the Lake. I visited the place in the summer of 1859, and was conducted to the spot where the Fort was built, by John Smith, Esq., with whom the venerable father resides. The outline can be very clearly traced. Probably, when built, it was palisaded, or a stockade fort. Its eastern face fronted the Lake, and was situated on a ridge or bank, which extended from the river southward. At the north and south ends of the Fort considerable excavations of earth were made resembling cellars in size and appearance. The ditch in which the palisades were set, can be traced round the whole tract which the Fort contained. The excavation at the north end of the Fort is much the largest. This almost reaches the river, whence probably they obtained their supply of water. The ground which, some 40 years ago was overgrown with trees and bushes, is now cleared and cultivated. But the *locality* of the Fort cannot be mistaken.

A MOUND. Near the centre of the great meadow, and about 50 rods west of the Fort, stands a mound of earth, forty-five or fifty feet in diameter, of a circular form and

Here he left his doctor, a sergeant and seven other men, to take care of Kidder. And they left at this place also, a considerable quantity of their provisions, to lighten the loads of the men and facilitate their march; and which they intended should serve as a recruit on their return.

With his company now reduced to only thirty four men with himself, Captain Lovewell, not at all disheartened by his misfortunes, proceeded on his march from his fortification at Ossapy for Pigwacket, about forty miles distant from said fort, through a rough wilderness.

The names of those who proceeded on from Ossapy, and who engaged Paugus, with his gang of about eighty Indians, are as follow, (except one who, like a coward, ran from them at the beginning of the engagement, and sneaked back to the fort, and whose name is unworthy of being transmitted to posterity) — These are the names of those brave fellows, who

about ten feet high. From this mound the timber was removed many years since. The soil composing this mound is not that of the meadow, but exactly like that of the pitch pine plain which lies west and north of it. No extensive excavations have been made in the mound; yet there have been taken from it, only by digging from the top, three entire skeletons, one of which was full grown, and when found, was in a sitting posture with a piece of birch bark over its head. Two tomahawks and many pieces of coarse earthen ware have been found on the surrounding meadow; and on the northern side of the river, when the land was first cleared, the hills where corn grew, were distinctly visible. From these facts the inference is irresistible that this was once the residence of a formidable tribe of the aborigines of the country. The *Ossipee* tribe, with some others mixed with them, was estimated to contain 1000 souls, about the time of the settlement of Dover, in 1623.—*N. H. Hist. Coll.* Vol. II.

boldly and successfully contended with more than twice their number, viz.

Captain JOHN LOVEWELL,

Lieutenant JOSEPH FARWELL, Sergeant NOAH JOHNSON,⁴

Lieutenant JONATHAN ROBBINS, ROBERT USHER,

Ensign JOHN HARWOOD, SAMUEL WHITING,

all of Dunstable.

Ensign SETH WYMAN, ICHABOD JOHNSON,

Corporal THOMAS RICHARDSON, JOSIAH JOHNSON,

TIMOTHY RICHARDSON, all of Woburn.

ELEAZER DAVIS, ELEAZER MELVIN,

JOSIAH DAVIS, JACOB FARRAR,

JOSIAH JONES, JOSEPH FARRAR,

DAVID MELVIN, all of Concord, Mass.

Chaplain JONATHAN FRYE, of Andover.

Sergeant JACOB FULLAM, of Weston,

Corp. EDWARD LINGFIELD, of Nutfield.

JONATHAN KITTRIDGE, and SOLOMON KEYES, of Billerica.

JOHN JEFTS, ELIAS BARRON,

DANIEL WOODS, ISAAC LAKIN,

THOMAS WOODS, JOSEPH GILSON,

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, all of Groton.

EBENEZER AYER, and ABIEL ASTEN, of Haverhill.

(4) Noah Johnson was the last survivor of this company. He was one of the first settlers of Pembroke, where he was a deacon of the church. He received a pension from the Massachusetts Government of £15 per year. He removed to Plymouth, N. H., in his old age, and there died August 13, 1798, in the 100th year of his age.

From the Thursday before the battle, the company were apprehensive they were discovered and dogged by the enemy; and on Friday night, the watch heard the Indians about the camp and alarmed the company, but it being very dark, they could make no further discovery.

On Saturday the eight of May, while they were at prayers, very early in the morning, they heard a gun; and some little time after they espied an Indian on a point, that ran into Saco Pond.

They now concluded that the design of the gun, and the Indian's discovering himself, was to draw them that way— They expected now without fail to be attacked, and it was proposed and consulted, whether it would be prudent to venture an engagement with the enemy, (who they perceived were now sufficiently alarmed) or endeavour a speedy retreat. The men generally and boldly answered, "We came to see the enemy; we have all along prayed God we might find them; and we had rather trust Providence with our lives, yea, die for our country, than try to return without seeing them, if we might, and be called cowards for our pains."

The Captain readily complied to lead them on, though not without manifesting some apprehensions; and, supposing the enemy were ahead of them, (when, as it proved they were in the rear) ordered the men to lay down their packs, and march with the greatest caution, and in the utmost readiness.

When they had marched about a mile and a half, or two

miles, Ensign Wyman espied an Indian coming towards them, whereupon he gave a signal, and they all squatted, and let the Indian come on. In a short time, several guns were fired at him; upon which the Indian fired upon Capt. LOVEWELL, with beaver-shot, and wounded him mortally, (as is supposed) though he made but little complaint, and was still able to travel, and at the same time wounded Mr. Samuel Whiting—Ensign Wyman immediately fired at and killed the Indian, and Mr. Frye and another scalped him.¹

They then marched back towards their packs, (which the enemy had found in the mean time and seized) and about ten of the clock, when they came pretty near to where they had laid them, at the north east end of Saco Pond, on a plain place,

(1) Gov. Hutchinson, in his history of Massachusetts, has ranked this Indian with the Roman Curtius, who devoted himself to death to save his country. Dr. Belknap, who visited the spot in 1784, thinks there is no foundation for the idea that he was placed there as a decoy; and that he had no claim to the character of a hero. The point on which he stood was a noted fishing place; the gun which alarmed Lovewell's company was fired at a flock of ducks; and when they met him he was returning home with his game, and two fowling pieces. The village was situated at the edge of the meadow, on Saco river; which here forms a large bend. The remains of the stockades were found by the first settlers of Fryeburg forty years afterwards. Walter Bryant, of Bow, who was employed as surveyor in a company engaged in the intended expedition against Canada in 1747, passed over the ground where the sanguinary conflict took place. He there "discovered Indian camps large enough to hold thirty men—saw the spot where Lovewell was killed and the trees full of bullet-holes, having also imitations of men's faces cut out upon them." When Dr. Belknap was there, the names of the dead on the trees, and the holes where balls had entered and been cut out, were plainly visible. The trees had the appearance of being very old, and one of them was fallen.—*Hist. Coll.* Vol. I. pp. 29-30.

where there were few trees and but little brush, the Indians rose up in front and rear, in two parties, and ran towards the English, three or four deep, with their guns presented: The English also instantly presented their guns, and rushed on to meet them.

When they had advanced to within a few yards of each other, they fired on both sides, and the Indians fell in considerable numbers, but the English, most, if not all of them, escaped the first shot, and drove the Indians several rods. Three or four rounds were fired on both sides; but the Indians being more than double in number to our men, and having already killed Captain Lovewell, Mr. Fullam, (only son of Major Fullam of Weston) Ensign Harwood, John Jeffs, Jonathan Kittridge, Daniel Woods, Ichabod Johnson, Thomas Woods, and Josiah Davis, and wounded Lieutenants Farwell and Robbins and Robert Usher, in the place where the fight began, and striving to surround the rest, the word was given, to retreat to the pond, which was done with a great deal of good conduct, and proved a great service to the English, (the pond covering their rear) though the Indians got the ground where the dead of our party lay.¹

(1) One of the Johnson's who survived the battle, visited Fryeburg after its settlement: to try his recollection of the localities, he was taken by Rev. Mr. Fessenden and others, first, to the mouth of Lovewell's Brook; after a little examination he said it was not the spot. On reaching the "Battle Ground" he recognized it at once, and began to shed tears as he pointed out the places where his comrades fell. [*George B. Barrows, Esq.*

The fight continued very furious and obstinate, till towards night—The Indians roaring and yelling and howling like wolves, barking like dogs, and making all sorts of hideous noises—the English frequently shouting and huzzaing, as they did after the first round. At one time Captain Wyman is confident, the Indians were diverting themselves in powowing, by their striking upon the ground, and other odd motions—but Wyman creeping up and shooting their chief actor, broke up their meeting.

Some of the Indians, holding up ropes, asked the English if they would take quarter; but were briskly answered, that they would have no quarter but at the muzzles of their guns.

About the middle of the afternoon, the ingenious Mr. Jonathan Frye,¹ (only son of Captain James Frye of Andover) a young gentleman of liberal education, who took his degree at Harvard college, 1723, and was chaplain to the company, and greatly beloved by them, for his excellent performances and good behaviour, and who fought with undaunted courage, till that time of day, was mortally wounded. But when he could fight no longer, he prayed audibly several times for the preservation and success of the residue of the company.

Sometime after sunset, the enemy drew off and left the field to our men. It was supposed and believed, that not more

(1) There is a tradition, that just before he left home to join Lovewell's expedition, he planted a small Elm which he committed to the care of his mother. The Elm is said to be still standing.

than twenty of the enemy went off well. About midnight, the English assembled themselves, and upon examining into their situation, they found Jacob Farrar just expiring by the pond, and Lieutenant Robbins and Robert Usher unable to travel.

Lieutenant Robbins¹ desired his companions to charge his gun and leave it with him, which they did; he declaring that, "As the Indians will come in the morning to scalp me, I will kill one more of them if I can."

There were eleven more of the English, who were badly wounded, viz. Lieut Farwell, Mr. Frye, Sergeant Johnson, Timothy Richardson, Josiah Johnson, Samuel Whiting, Elias Barron, John Chamberlain, Isaac Lakin, Eleazer Davis and Josiah Jones; but they however marched off the ground, with the nine others who received no considerable wounds, viz. Ensign Wyman, Edward Lingfield, Thomas Richardson, the two Melvins, Ebenezer Ayer, Abiel Asten, Joseph Farrar and Joseph Gilson. These all proceeded on their return for the fort, and did not perceive that they were way-laid or pursued by the enemy, though they knew our men had no provision, and must therefore be very faint.²

(1) Lieut. Robbins was a native of Chelmsford, and was born in that part of the town which was afterwards annexed to Carlisle.

(2) "At the time this battle was fought, there was not a *white* inhabitant within fifty miles of the scene of action. Saco was the nearest settlement of white people, and the whole of this now civilized country was then a wild, extended waste, clothed with Nature's rudest attire."

Four of the wounded men, viz. Farwell, Frye, Davis and Jones, after they had travelled about a mile and a half, found themselves unable to go any further, and with their free consent, the rest kept on their march, hoping to find a recruit at the fort, and to return with fresh hands to relieve them.

As they proceeded on, they divided into three companies one morning, as they were passing a thick wood, for fear of making a track by which the enemy might follow them. One of the companies came upon three Indians, who pursued them some time; meanwhile Elias Barron, one of this party, strayed from the others, and got over Ossapy river, by the side of which his gun case was found, and he was not heard of afterwards. Eleven, in another party, reached the fort at Ossapy; but to their great surprise, found it deserted. The coward who fled in the beginning of the battle, ran directly to the fort, and gave the men posted there, such a frightful account of what had happened, that they all fled from the fort, and made the best of their way home.¹

(1) The name of the coward who ran away was BENJAMIN HASSELL, a corporal. Penhallow says of him, "An unhappy instance at this time fell out respecting one of our men, who, when the fight began, was so awfully terrified that he ran away unto the fort, telling those who were there, that Capt. Lovewell was killed with most of his men, which put them into so great a consternation, that they all drew off."

Hassel, on returning to Dunstable, told his story to Colonel Tyng, who wrote it down as follows: "That on the ninth of this instant, [8th] about nine or ten of the clock in the morning, Capt. Lovewell saw an Indian on the opposite side of Sawco pond, and then they immediately left their packs and went about two miles before they came to him; they coming within about four or five rods before they saw the Indian, and the

Solomon Keyes also came to the fort. When he had fought in the battle till he had received three wounds, and had become so weak by the loss of blood that he could not stand, he crawled up to Ensign Wyman, in the heat of the battle, and told him he was a dead man; but, (said he) if it be possible, I will get out of the way of the Indians, that they may not get my scalp. Keyes then crept off by the side of the pond to where he providentially found a canoe, when he rolled himself into it, and was driven by the wind several miles towards the fort; he gained strength fast, and reached the fort as soon as the eleven before mentioned; and they all arrived at Dunstable on the 13th of May, at night.

Indian made the first shot at them, and wounded Capt. Lovewell and Samuel Whiting, and they immediately killed the Indian, and returning back to their packs came within forty or fifty rods of them; the Indians waylaid them under the banks of a little brook. Capt. Lovewell's men being between the brook and the Pond, it being a Pine Plain, the Indians fired upon them both in the front and the rear, shouting and running toward's them.

Capt. Lovewell fell at the first volue the Indians shot, and groan'd. This man being clost by him, and then he saw several of Capt. Lovewell's men git behind trees. Upon this, seeing such a great number of Indians, thought it best to return to some men they had left with a sick man at a Fort they had made, about thirty miles back, by Ossipee Pond, and he got to the Fort the next morning about nine o'clock."

In a letter to Governor Dummer, dated Dunstable, May 11, 1725, Hassell said, "coming to Pigwacket found where some Indians went into canowes; then Marchd and seo one Ingen; kild him, and returning two miles; thare we ware shot upon, Capt. Lovewell wounded, and none returned but I, and ye ten men [from the Fort]and we and no more are yet come to Dunstable."

Hassell fled with such expedition as to reach Dunstable, a distance of at least 118 miles in three days, or about 40 miles a day.

On the 15th of May, Ensign Wyman, and three others, arrived at Dunstable.¹ They suffered greatly for want of provisions. They informed, that they were wholly destitute of all kinds of food, from a Saturday morning till the Wednesday following; when they caught two mouse-squirrels, which they roasted whole, and found to be a sweet morsel.—They afterwards killed some partridges and other game, and were comfortably supplied till they got home.

Eleazer Davis arrived at Berwick, and reported, that he and the other three who were left with him, waited some days for the return of the men from the fort, and at length, despairing of their return, though their wounds were putrified and stank, and they were almost dead with famine, yet they all travelled on several miles together, till Mr. Frye desired Davis and Farwell not to hinder themselves any longer on his account, for he found himself dying, and he laid himself down, telling them he should never rise more, and charged Davis, if it should please God to bring him home, to go to his father, and tell him that he expected in a few hours to be in eternity, and that he was not afraid to die.—They left him, and this amiable and promising young gentleman, who had the journal of the march in his pocket, was not heard of again.

(1) Mr. Wyman, who distinguished himself, in so signal a manner, in the fight, was on his return, presented with a Captain's commission. Edward Lingfield was also made an Ensign, and the General Assembly of Massachusetts gave the sum of *fifteen hundred pounds* to the widows and orphans of those who were killed.—*Penhallow*.

Lieut. Farwell, who was greatly and no doubt deservedly applauded and lamented, was also left by Davis within a few miles of the fort, and was not afterwards heard of. But Davis, getting to the fort, and finding provision there, tarried and refreshed himself, and recovered strength to travel to Berwick.

Josiah Jones, another of the four wounded who were left the day after the fight but a short distance from the scene of action, traversed Saco river, and after a fatiguing ramble, arrived at Saco (now Biddeford) emaciated, and almost dead from the loss of blood, the putrefaction of his wounds and the want of food. He had subsisted upon the spontaneous vegetables of the forest, and cranberries, &c. which he had eaten, came out at a wound he had received in his body. He was kindly treated by the people at Saco, and recovered of his wounds.

Several of the Indians, particularly Paugus their Chief, were well known to LOVEWELL's men, and frequently conversed with each other during the engagement. In the course of the battle, Paugus and John Chamberlain discoursed familiarly with each other; their guns had become foul, from frequent firing; they washed their guns at the pond and the latter assured Paugus that he should kill him; Paugus also menaced him, and bid defiance to his insinuations: when they had prepared their guns, they loaded and discharged them, and Paugus fell.¹

(1) There is a traditional account that after preparing their guns, Paugus said to

A son of Paugus, after it had become a time of peace, went to Dunstable, to revenge his father's death, with the death of Chamberlain. He did not go directly to Chamberlain's, but to the house of a neighbor, where he tarried several days, upon some pretended business, that his design might not be discovered; his errand was however suspected, and a hint given to Chamberlain—who cut a port-hole above his door, through which he very early one morning discovered an Indian behind his wood-pile, lying with his gun pointing directly to the door; and it was supposed that the same musket which had conveyed the mean of death to the bosom of the great Paugus, also proved fatal to his son, as he was not afterwards heard of.

It is also reported of this Chamberlain, (who was a stout and a courageous man, and who used to say that he was not to be killed by an Indian) that he was once fired at by an Indian, as he was at work in a saw-mill, at night; he was in a stooping position, and did not discover the Indian till he fired, who was so near him that he immediately knocked him down with a crowbar, with which he was setting his log.

Chamberlain, "It is you, or I." In loading, the bullet of Paugus lodged in about the centre of his gun, which obliged him to draw his ramrod. This circumstance gave Chamberlain the advantage. Striking the breech of his gun hard on the ground, it primed itself; he then fired and Paugus fell. Chamberlain was a native of Chelmsford, Mass.

A Gun was deposited for many years in the Museum of the Academy at Fryeburg, said to have been the one used by Chamberlain when he shot Paugus;—when the building was burned, in 1850, the gun was nearly destroyed; a part of the barrel is now in possession of George B. Barrows, Esq., of Fryeburg.

After the return of the English from their fight, Col. TYNG, with a company,¹ went to the place of action, where he found and buried the following men, viz. Captain John Lovewell, Ensign Jonathan Woods, Ensign John Harwood, and Robert Usher, of Dunstable; Jacob Fullum, of Weston; Jacob Farrar, and Josiah Davis, of Concord; Thomas Woods, Daniel Woods, and John Jeffs, of Groton; Ichabod Johnson, of Woburn; Jonathan Kittredge, of Billerica.

Lieut. Josiah Farwell, of Dunstable, Mr. Jonathan Frye the Chaplain, belonging to Andover, and Elias Barron, of Groton were wounded, and died by the way in attempting to return home.

Col. Tyng found where the Indians had buried three of their men, which were dug up, and one of them was known to be the bold Paugus, who had been a great scourge to Dunstable.

Ensign Wyman was rewarded with a Captain's commission after his return; and every man was crowned with the grate-

(1) In Lieut. Gov. Wentworth's Message to the House of Representatives of the province of N. H. May 17, 1725, there is the following passage relative to Capt. Lovewell's defeat. "I received an express from Lt. Gov. Dummer, giving an account that Capt. Lovewell had met with a party of Indians at, or near Pigwacket, which broke Capt Lovewell's company in pieces. I have sent fifty-two men under command of Capt. John Chesley, to make the best of his way to Ossapy and Pigwacket, and thence make diligent search for Capt. Lovewell's fort, &c. and to relieve any wounded men they may meet with in their way thither or elsewhere." The House in their answer May 22, say, "As for the misfortune of Capt. Lovewell and his men, we desire to be humble before God for so great a frown of his Providence, and thank your Honour for sending a company for the relief of any that may be yet alive."

ful thanks of their countrymen, for this heavy blow given to a plundering savage foe, the common enemy of their country.

S. Wyman, E. Ayer, and A. Asten¹ attested to the general truths of this history.

(1) Abiel Asten, here mentioned, was living in 1790, at Salem, a town adjoining the southern boundary of N. H., at the advanced age of 86.—*Belknap's Hist. N. H. Vol. III.*

APPENDIX.

The foregoing Narrative was published in connection with a Sermon by Rev. Mr. Symmes, entitled "THE BRAVE LOVEWELL LAMENTED,"—upon the text, 2 Sam., 1: 27.—"*How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished!*"

In the application of the subject, Mr. Symmes says: "Let us all religiously lament the fall of the Brave LOVELL, and several of his gallant company, that offered themselves willingly among the people. Let us take up this lamentation over them! How are the mighty fallen! And if we would herein approve ourselves to God, let us consider that these brave men (though I hope we have many left as capable of serving their country,) yet they were no inconsiderable part of the beauty and strength of New England: It is evident to the country, they were men formed and raised up by Providence to serve us in pursuing an Enemy, of whom we may say as of the wild ass, The wilderness yieldeth food for them and for their children. Job 24: 5.

"These our worthy friends could endure hardness as good soldiers, and were well able to encounter the fatigues of long marches, both in winter and in summer. Some of them were well acquainted with the woods, and with the customs and lurking places of the enemy, and were mightily spirited to pursue them; and God did graciously preserve and prosper them this last winter in two expeditions; first delivered two INDIANS into their hands; and then ten stout fellows as you all remember, whom they killed, without receiving any harm from them! This was the Lord's doings and marvelous in our eyes! and in this last engagement, they were inspired with a great deal of bravery and good conduct, and their company crown-

ed with wonderful success. Now to lose such experienced soldiers, and men so respected in the country, is a great loss !

“The most skilful, dexterous, courageous and successful soldiers, had need to be truly religious and well prepared for death ; seeing they are not invulnerable, but as liable to die, as others. An Indian bullet will kill a hero, a champion, as easily as a faint hearted coward : a Captain, or Chaplain, as soon as a bringer up of the front half files ; or the most inferior private soldier.

“Seeing then our soldiers carry their lives in their hands, when they go forth to war, and are still liable to be ambushed, whenever they travel in the vast howling wilderness, and, killed unexpectedly, as well as slain in a pitched battle, they had need be always ready not only to fight, but to die, and make their appearance before God. And in order thereto, they should now believe in Christ and repent of all their sins ; and so get into and keep on good terms with God, who can easily preserve them though a thousand fall at their side, and ten thousand at their right hand ; and can cause one of them to chase a thousand, and two of them to put ten thousand to flight !”

THE MOURNFUL ELEGY OF MR. JONATHAN FRYE, 1725.

[Communicated to the N. E. Hist. and Genealogical Register, by T. C. Frye, Andover, Ms.]

These lines, traditions say, were written when the news of Mr. Frye's death reached Andover, by a young girl, to whom he had engaged himself against the wishes of his parents; their objections were want of property and education. Her name is lost.

“Assist, ye muses, help my quill,
Whilst floods of tears does down distill,
Not from mine eyes alone; but all—
But all that hears the sad and doleful fall
Of that young student, Mr. Frye,
Who in his blooming youth did die,
Fighting for his dear country's good,
He lost his life and precious blood.
His father's only son was he,
His mother loved him tenderly:
And all that knew him loved him well
For in bright parts he did excell
Most of his age, for he was young,
Just entering on twenty-one:
A comely youth and pious too,
This I affirm for him I knew.
He served the Lord when he was young,
And ripe for Heaven was Jonathan.
But God did take him from us all

And we lament his doleful fall.
Wher'er I go, I hear this cry
Alas! Alas! Good Mr. Frye.
Wounded and bleeding he was left,
And of all sustenance bereft,
Within the hunting desert great,
None to lament his dismal fate.
A sad reward you'll say, for those
For whom he did his life expose :
He listed out with courage bold,
And fought the Indians uncontrolled ;
And many of his rebels slew
While bullets thick around him flew.
At last a fatal bullet came
And wounded this young man of fame,
And pierced him through and made him fall ;
But he upon the Lord did call.
He prayed aloud, the standers by
Heard him for grace and mercy cry ;
The Lord did hear and raised him so,
That he enabled was to go :
For many days he homewards went
Till he for food was almost spent,
Then to the standers by declared
"Death did not find him unprepared."
And there they left him in the wood,
Some scores of miles from any food ;
Wounded and famishing all alone,
None to relieve or hear his moan,
And there without all doubt did die :
And now I'll speak to Mr. Frye.

Pray sir, be patient ; kiss the rod,
Remember this the hand of God
Which has bereft you of your son
Your dear and lovely Jonathan,
Although the Lord has taken, now
Unto himself your son, most dear,
Resign your will to God and say
"Tis God that gives and takes away;"
And blessed be his name, for he,
For he has caused this to be.
And now, to you, his mother dear
Be pleased my childish lines to hear ;
Mother, refrain from flowing tears,
Your son is gone beyond your cares,
And safely lodged in Heaven above,
With Christ, who was his joy and love ;
And, in due time, I hope you'll be
With him to all Eternity.
Pray Madam, pardon this advice,
Your grief is great, mine not much less,
And, if these lines will comfort you,
I have my will—farewell—adieu."

[See January No. 1861, p. 91.]

SONG OF LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

I.

Of worthy Captain Lovewell I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he served his country and his king ;
He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indians' pride.

II.

'Twas nigh unto Pigwacket, on the eighth day of **May**,
They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day ;
He on a bank was walking, upon a neck of land,
Which leads into a pond as we're made to understand.

III.

Our men resolved to have him and travelled two miles round,
Until they met the Indian who boldly stood his ground ;
Then speaks up Captain Lovewell, "Take you good heed," says he,
"This rogue is to decoy us I very plainly see.

IV.

"The Indians lie in ambush in some place nigh at hand,
"In order to surround us upon this neck of land ;
"Therefore we'll march in order, and each man leave his pack,
"That we may briskly fight them when they shall us attack."

V.

They come unto the Indian who did them thus defy ;
As soon as they come nigh him two guns he did let fly,
Which wounded Captain Lovewell and likewise one man more,
But when this rogue was running they laid him in his gore.

VI.

Then having scalped the Indian they went back to the spot
Where they had laid their packs down, but there they found them not ;
For the Indians having spied them when they them down did lay,
Did seize them for their plunder and carry them away.

VII.

These rebels lay in ambush this very place near by,
So that an English soldier did one of them espy ;
And cried out, "here's an Indian"; with that they started out
As fiercely as old lions, and hideously did shout.

VIII.

With that our valiant English all gave a loud huzza,
To show the rebel Indians they feared them not a straw ;
So now the fight began as fiercely as could be ;
The Indians ran up to them but soon were forced to flee.

IX.

Then spake up Captain Lovewell when first the fight began,
"Fight on my valiant heroes ! you see they fall like rain ;"
For as we are informed, the Indians were so thick,
A man could scarcely fire a gun and not some of them hit.

X.

Then did the rebels try their best our soldiers to surround,
But they could not accomplish it, because there was a pond,
To which our men retreated, and covered all the rear ;
The rogues were forced to flee them although they skulked for fear.

XI.

Two logs that were behind them so close together lay,
Without being discovered they could not get away ;
Therefore our valiant English they travelled in a row,
And at a handsome distance as they were wont to go.

XII.

'Twas ten o'clock in the morning when first the fight begun,
And fiercely did continue till the setting of the sun,
Excepting that the Indians some hours before 'twas night,
Drew off into the bushes, and ceased a while to fight.

XIII.

But soon again returned in fierce and furious mood,
Shouting as in the morning, but yet not half so loud ;
For as we are informed, so thick and fast they fell,
Scarce twenty of their number at night did get home well.

XIV.

And that our valiant English till midnight there did stay,
To see whether the rebels would have another fray ;
But they no more returning they made off toward their home,
And brought away their wounded as far as they could come.

XV.

Of all our valiant English there were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians there were about fourscore ;
And sixteen of our English did safely home return :
The rest were killed and wounded for which we all must mourn.

XVI.

Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die ; (1)
They killed Lieut Robbins, and wounded good young Frye,
Who was our English chaplain ; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped when bullets round him flew.

XVII.

Young Fullam, too, I'll mention, because he fought so well,
Endeavoring to save a man, a sacrifice he fell ;
And yet our valiant Englishmen in fight were ne'er dismayed,
But still they kept their motion, and Wyman Captain made ;—

XVIII.

Who shot the old Chief PAUGUS which did the foe defeat ; (2)
Then set his men in order and brought off the retreat ;
And braving many dangers and hardships by the way,
They safe arrived at Dunstable the thirteenth day of May.

(1) The powder horn worn by Lovewell in this fight is preserved in the family, and the cellar of the house where he lived is still visible a little distance from Salmon Brook in Nashua.

(2) This is a mistake. Chamberlain killed Paugus.

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

A BALLAD.

What time the noble Lovewell came,
With fifty men from Dunstable,
The cruel Pequ'at tribe to tame,
With arms and bloodshed terrible,—

Then did the crimson streams that flowed
Seem like the waters of the brook,
That brightly shine, that loudly dash,
Far down the cliffs of Agiochook. (1)

With Lovewell brave, John Harwood came :
From wife and twin babes hard to part ;
Young Harwood took her by the hand,
And bound the weeper to his heart.

“Repress that tear, my Mary dear,”
Said Harwood to his loving wife ;
“It tries me hard to leave thee here,
“And seek in distant woods the strife.

“When gone, my Mary, think of me,
“And pray to God that I may be
“Such as one ought that lives for thee,
“And come at last in victory.”

(1) The Indian name of the White Mountains.

Thus left young Harwood wife and babes ;
With accent wild she bade adieu ;
It grieved those lovers much to part,
So fond and fair, so kind and true.

Seth Wyman who in Woburn lived,
(A marksman he of courage true,)
Shot the first Indian whom they saw ;
Sheer through his heart the bullet flew.

The savage had been seeking game,
Two guns and eke a knife he bore,
And two black ducks were in his hand,—
He shrieked and fell to rise no more.

Anon there eighty Indians rose,
Who'd hid themselves in ambush dread ;
Their knives they shook, their guns they aimed,
The famous Paugus at their head.

Good Heavens ! They dance the Powow dance !
What horrid yells the forests fill !
The grim bear crouches to his den,
The eagle seeks the distant hill.

“What means this dance, this powow dance !”
Stern Wyman said, with wondrous art ;
He crept full near, his rifle aimed,
And shot the leader through the heart. (1)

(1) The chief Powow or Priest who led the ceremonies.

John Lovell, Captain of the band,
His sword he waved that glittered bright ;
For the last time he cheered his men,
And led them onward to the fight.

“Fight on ! Fight on” ! brave Lovewell said :
“Fight on while Heaven shall give you breath !”
An Indian ball then pierced him through,
And Lovewell closed his eyes in death.

John Farwell died, all bathed in blood,
When he had fought till set of day ;
And many more, we may not name,
Fell in that bloody battle fray.

When news did come to Harwood’s wife
That he with Lovewell fought and died,—
Far in the wilds had given his life
Nor more would in their home abide,—

Such grief did seize upon her mind,
Such sorrow filled her faithful breast,
On earth she ne’er found peace again,
But followed Harwood to his rest.

T’was PAUGUS led the Pequa’t tribe ;
As runs the fox would Paugus run ;
As howls the wild wolf would he howl,—
A huge bear skin had Paugus on.

But Chamberlain of Dunstable,
(One whom a savage ne’er shall slay,—)
Met Paugus by the water side,
And shot him dead upon that day.

Good Heavens ! Is this a time for prayer ?
Is this a time to worship God ?
When Lovewell's men are dying fast,
And Paugus' tribe hath felt the rod.

The Chaplain's name was Jonathan Frye ;
In Andover his father dwelt ;
And oft with Lovewell's men he prayed
Before the mortal wound he felt.

A man he was of comely form,
Polished and brave, well learned and kind ;
Old Harvard's learned walls he left
Far in the wilds a grave to find.

Ah ! now his blood red arm he lifts ;
His closing lids he tries to raise ;
And speak once more before he dies,
In supplication and in praise.

He prays kind heaven to grant success,
Brave Lovewell's men to guide and bless,
And when they've shed their heart blood true
To raise them all to happiness.

"Come hither, Farwell," said young Frye ;
"You see that I'm about to die ;
"Now for the love I bear to you,
"When cold in death my bones shall lie ;
"Go thou and see my parents dear,
"And tell them you stood by me here ;
"Console them when they cry, alas !
"And wipe away the falling tear."

Lieutenant Farwell took his hand,
His arm around his neck he threw,
And said, "brave Chaplain I could wish
That heaven had made me die for you."

The Chaplain on kind Farwell's breast,
Bloody and languishing he fell ;
Nor after this said more, but *this*,
"I love thee soldier ; fare thee well !

Ah ! many a wife shall rend her hair,
And many a child cry "wo is me !
When messengers the news shall bear
Of Lovewell's dear bought victory.

With footsteps slow shall travellers go
Where Lovewell's Pond shines clear and bright,
And mark the place where those are laid
Who fell in Lovewell's bloody fight.

Old men shall shake their head and say,
"Sad was the hour and terrible,
When Lovewell brave 'gainst Paugus went,
With fifty men from Dunstable."

The following stanzas are from the pen of THOMAS C. UPHAM, a New Hampshire poet. They were written on visiting the scene of Lovewell's fate, and are worthy the fine taste and genius of the author.

Ah ! where are the soldiers that fought here of yore ?
The sod is upon them, they'll struggle no more,
The hatchet is fallen, the red man is low ;
But near him reposes the arm of his foe.

The bugle is silent, the war-whoop is dead ;
There's a murmur of waters and woods*in their stead ;
And the raven and owl chant a symphony drear,
From the dark-waving pines o'er the combatants' bier.

The light of the sun has just sunk in the wave,
And a long time ago sat the sun of the brave.
The waters complain, as they roll o'er the stones,
And the rank grass encircles a few scattered bones.

The names of the fallen the traveller leaves
Cut out with his knife in the bark of the trees.
But little avail his affectionate arts,
For the names of the fallen are graved in our hearts.

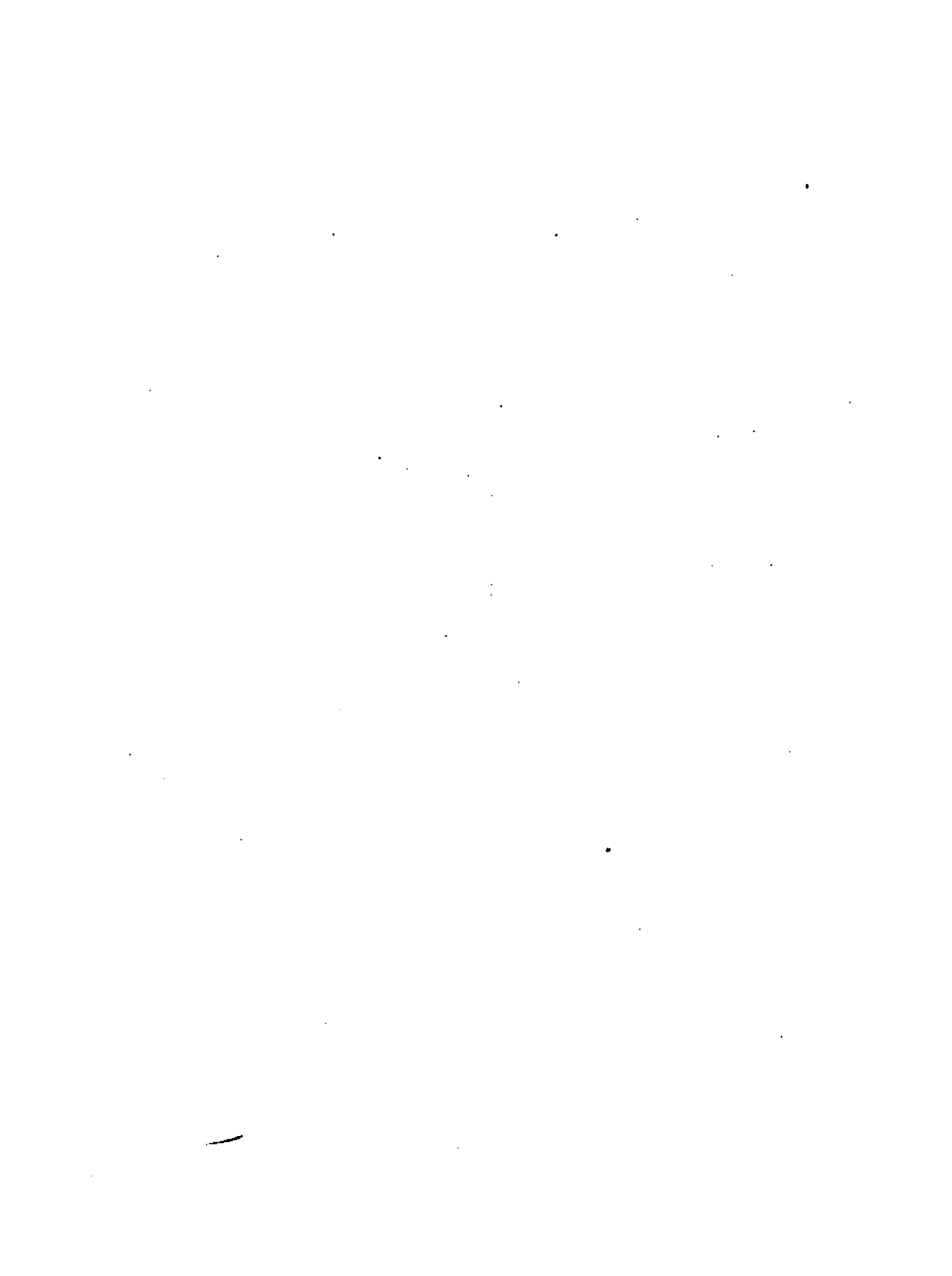
The voice of the hunter is loud on the breeze,
There's a dashing of waters, a rustling of trees,
But the jangling of armor hath all past away,
No gushing of life-blood is here seen to-day.

The eye that was sparkling, no longer is bright,
The arm of the mighty, death conquered its might,
The bosoms that once for their country beat high,
To those bosoms the sods of the valley are nigh.

Sleep, soldiers of merit ! sleep, gallant of yore,
The hatchet is fallen, the struggle is o'er.
While the fir-tree is green and the wind rolls a wave,
The tear-drop shall brighten the turf of the brave.







THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

CANCELLED
WIDENER
AUG 3 1 1982
75 74310

WIDENER
AUG 24 2002
FEB 10 2003
CANCELLED
BOOK



3 2044 058 223

